

THE SATURDAY

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JESSIE LORING;

OR,

THE HAND BUT NOT THE HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

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CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Denison's fears were prophetic. Evil, not good, came of her well meant efforts to prevent the coming sacrifice. Instead of awakening generous impulses in the mind of Leon Dexter, only anger and jealousy were aroused; and as they gained strength, love withdrew itself, for love could not breathe the same atmosphere. The belief that Hendrickson was the man to whom Mrs. Denison referred, was fully confirmed by this fact. He had resolved to see Miss Loring that very evening, and was only a short distance from her home, and in sight of the door, when he saw a man ascend the steps and ring. He stopped and waited. A servant came to the door and the caller entered. For a time, the question was revolved as to whether he should follow, or not.

"It is Hendrickson. I'll wager my life on it!" he muttered, grinding his teeth together. "There is a cursed plot on foot, and this insinuating, saintly Mrs. Denison, is one of the plotters! My very blood is seething at the thought. Shall I go in now, and confront him at his devilish work?"

"It were better not," he said, after a brief struggle with his feelings. "I am too excited, and cannot answer for myself. A false step now might ruin all. First, let me cage my singing bird, and then—"

He strode onwards and passed the house of Mrs. Loring with rapid steps. There was a light in the parlor, and he heard the sound of voices. Ten minutes after, he returned—the light was still; but though he went by slowly, with noiseless footsteps—listening—not a murmur reached his ears.

"He is there, a subtle tempter, whispering his heinous allurement!" it was the devil's jealousy speaking in his heart. "Madness!" he ejaculated, and strode up the marble steps. Grasping the bell, he resolved to enter. But something held back his hand, and another voice said: "Wait! Wait! A single error now were fatal."

Slowly he descended, his ear bent to the windows, listening—slowly, still listening, he moved onwards again; his whole being convulsed in a stronger conflict of passion than he had ever known—reason at fault and perception blind-fold.

A full half hour had elapsed, when Dexter re-appeared. He was in a calmer frame of mind. Reason was less at fault, and perception clearer. His purpose was to go in now, confront Jessie and Mr. Hendrickson, and act from that point onward as the nature of the case might suggest. He glanced at the parlor windows. There was no light there now. The visitor had departed. He felt relieved, yet disappointed.

"Is Miss Loring at home?" he asked of the servant.

"Yes, sir." And he entered. The lights, which were burning low in the parlors, were raised, and Dexter sat down there and awaited the appearance of Jessie.

How should he meet her? With the warmth of a lover, or the distance of a mere acquaintance? Would it be wise to speak of his interview with Mrs. Denison, or let that subject pass untouched by even the remotest allusion? Mr. Dexter was still in debate, when he heard some one descending the stairs. Steps were in the passage near the door. He arose, and stood expectant.

"Miss Loring says, will you please excuse her this evening?"

"Excuse her?" Mr. Dexter could not veil his surprise. "Why does she wish to be excused, Mary?"

"I don't know, sir. She didn't say."

"Is she sick?"

"I don't think she is very well. Something isn't right with her, poor child!"

"What isn't right with her?"

"I don't know, sir. But she was crying when I went into her room."

"Crying?"

"Yes, sir; and she cries a great deal, all alone there by herself, sir," added Mary, who had her own reasons for believing that Dexter was not really the heart-choice of Jessie—and with the tact of her sex, took it upon herself to throw a little cold water over his ardor. It may be that she hoped to give it a thorough chill.

"What does she cry about, Mary?"

"Dear knows, sir! I often wonder to see it, and she so soon to be married. It doesn't look just natural. There's something wrong."

"Wrong? How wrong, Mary?"

"That's just what I've asked myself over and over again," replied the girl.

"She had a visitor here to-night," said Dexter, after a moment or two. He tried to speak indifferently; but the quick perception of Mary detected the covert interest in his tones.

"Yes." A single cold monosyllable was her reply.

"Who was it?"

"Deed I don't know, sir."

"Was it a stranger?"

"I didn't see him, sir," answered Mary.

"You let him in?"

"No, sir. The cook went to the door."

Dexter bit his lips with disappointment.

"Will you say to Miss Loring that I wish to see her particularly to-night?"

Mary hesitated. "Why don't you take up my request?" He spoke with covert impatience.

"I am sure she wishes to be excused to-night," persisted the girl.—"She's not at all herself; and it will be cruel to drag her down."

But Dexter waved his hand, and said, sharply,

"I wish to hear no more from you, Miss Loring. Go to Miss Loring, and tell her that she will confer a favor by seeing me this evening. I can receive no apology but sickness."

Jessie was sitting as Mary had left her, both hands covering her face, when that kind-hearted creature returned.

"It's too much!" exclaimed the girl, as she entered. "He must see you, he says. I told him you wasn't well, and wished to be excused. But no, he must see you!—Something's gone wrong with him. He's all out of sorts, and spoke as if he'd take my head off. He really frightened me!"

Jessie drew a long deep sigh. "If I must I must," she said, rising and looking at her face in a mirror.

"I wouldn't go one step, Miss Jessie, if I were you. I'd like to see the man who dared order me down in this style! He's jealous; that's the long and short of it. Punish him—he deserves it."

"Jealous, Mary?" Miss Loring turned to the girl with a startled look. "Why do you say that?"

"Oh, he asked me if you hadn't a visitor to-night."

"Well?"

"I said yes. Only 'yes,' and no more."

"Why yes and no more?" asked Miss Loring.

"Dye think I was going to gratify him?"

What business had he in asking whether she had a visitor or not? You ain't told him."

"Mary!" There was reproach in the look and voice of Miss Loring. "You must not speak so of Mr. Dexter."

"Well, I won't if it displeases you. But I was downright mad with him."

"You said yes to his question. What then, Mary?"

"Oh, then he wanted to know who it was."

"Did you tell him?"

"No."

"Why? And what did you answer?"

"I wasn't going to gratify him; and I said that I didn't know."

"Well?"

"Was it a stranger?" said he. "I didn't see him," said I. "You let him in?" said he. "No, the cook went to the door," said I. You should have seen him there. He was baffled. Then looking almost savage, he bid me tell you that you must see him to-night."

"Must see him! Did he say must?"

There was rebellion in Jessie's voice.

"Well, no, not just that word. But he looked and meant it, which is all the same."

"Then he doesn't know who called to see me?"

"Not for all he got from me, miss. But you're not going down?"

"Yes, Mary, I will see him as he desires. Go and say that I will join him in a few minutes."

The girl obeyed, and Jessie, after the struggle of a few moments with her feelings, went down to the parlor in which Mr. Dexter awaited her.

"I am sorry to learn that you are not well this evening," said the young man, as he advanced across the room, with his eyes fixed intently on the face of his betrothed. She tried to smile, and receive him with her usual kindness of manner. But this was impossible. She had been profoundly disturbed, and that too recently for self-possession.

"What ails you? Has anything happened?"

Jessie had not yet trusted her lips with words. The tones of Dexter evinced some fretfulness.

"I am not very well," she said, partly turning away her face that she might avoid the searching scrutiny of his eyes.

Dexter took her hand and led her to a sofa. They sat down, side by side, in silence—too between them.

"Have you been indisposed all day?" inquired Dexter.

"I have not been very well for some time," was answered in a husky voice, and in a manner that he thought evasive.

Again there was silence.

"I called to see Mrs. Denison this evening," said Dexter; and then waited almost breathlessly for a response, looking at Jessie stealthily to note the effect of his words.

"Did you?"

There was scarcely a sign of interest in her voice.

"Yes. You have met her, I believe?"

"A few times."

"Have you seen her recently?"

"No."

Dexter gained nothing by this advance.

"What do you think of her?" he added, after a pause.

"She is a lady of fine social qualities and superior worth."

Again the young man was silent. He could



THE UNWELCOME SUMMONS.

not discover by Jessie's manner that she had any special interest in Mrs. Denison. This was some relief; for it removed the impression that there was an understanding between them.

"I don't admire her a great deal," he said, with an air of indifference. "She's a little too prying and curious; and, I'm afraid, likes to gossip."

"Ah! I thought her particularly free from that vice."

"I had that impression also. But my interview this evening gave me a different estimate of her character."

"Did you come from Mrs. Denison's directly here?" asked Jessie in a changed tone, as if some thought of more than common interest had flitted through her mind. This change Dexter did not fail to observe.

"I did," was his answer.

"Then I may infer," said Jessie, "that your pressing desire to see me this evening has grown out of something you heard from the lips of Mrs. Denison. Am I right in this conclusion?"

Dexter was not quite prepared for this. After slight hesitation he answered—

"Partly so."

The cold, indifferent manner of Jessie Loring passed away directly.

"If you have anything to communicate, as of course you have, say on, Mr. Dexter."

As little prepared was he for this; and quite as little for the almost stately air with which Jessie drew up her slight form, returning his glances with so steady a gaze that his eyes fell.

The hour and the opportunity had come. But Leon Dexter had neither the manliness nor the courage to speak.

"Did Mrs. Denison introduce my name?" asked Jessie, seeing that her lover had failed to answer. There was not a quiver in her voice, nor the slightest falling in her eyes.

"Yes; casually," Dexter spoke with evasion.

"What did she say?"

"Nothing but what was good," said Dexter, now trying to assume his wonted pleasant exterior. "What else could she say? You look as if there had been a case of slander."

"She said something in connexion with my name," Jessie answered firmly, "that disturbed you. Now, as you have disclosed so much, I must know all."

"I have made no disclosure," Dexter seemed annoyed.

"You said that you were at Mrs. Denison's."

"Yes."

"And said it with a meaning. I noticed both tone and manner. You came directly here, according to your own admission, and asked for me. I am not well, and desired to be excused. But you would take no excuse. Your manner to the servant was not only disturbed, but imperative. To me it is constrained, and altogether different from anything I have hitherto noticed. So much is disclosed. Now I wish you to go on and tell the whole story. Then we shall understand each other. What has Mrs. Denison said about me that has so ruffled your feelings?"

There was no retreat; for the perplexed young man. He must go forward in some path—straight or tortuous—manly or evasive. There was too much apparent risk in the former; and so he chose the latter. All at once his exterior changed. The clouded brow put on a sunny aspect.

"Forgive me, dear Jessie!" he said with ardor, and a restored tenderness of manner. "True love has ever a touch of jealousy; and something that Mrs. Denison intimated aroused that darker passion. But the shadowed hour has passed, and I am in the clear sunlight again."

He raised her hand to his lips, and kissed it with fervor.

"What did she intimate?" asked Miss Loring. Her manner was less excited, and her tone less imperative.

"What I now see to be false," said Dexter. "I was disturbed because I imagined intrigue, and a purpose to rob me of something I prize more dearly than life—the love of my Jessie."

"Intrigue?" was answered. "You fill me with surprise. Mrs. Denison, if I understand her, is incapable of anything so dishonorable."

"I don't know," Mr. Dexter spoke with the manner of one in doubt, and as if questioning his own thoughts. "She has filled my mind with dark suspicions. Why, Jessie?"

he assumed a more animated exterior, "she went so far as to intimate a disingenuous spirit in you!"

"In me?" Miss Loring's surprise was natural. "Disingenuousness?"

"That word is not the true one," said Dexter. "What she said meant something more."

"What?"

"That you were—but I will not pain your ears, darling! Forgive my foolish indignation. Love with me is so vital a thing, that the remotest suspicion of losing its object, brings smarting pain. You are all the world to me, Jessie, and the intimation—"

"Of what, Leon?"

He had left the sentence unfinished. Dexter was holding one of her hands. She did not attempt to withdraw it.

"That you were false to me!"

The words caused Miss Loring to spring to her feet. Bright spots burned on her cheeks, and her eyes flashed.

"False to you! What did she mean by such words?" was demanded.

"It was the entering wedge of suspicion," said Dexter. "But the trick has failed. My heart tells me that you are the soul of honor. If I was disturbed, is that a cause of wonder?—Would not such an allegation against me have disturbed you? It would! But that your heart is pure and true as an angel's, I best know of all the living. Dear Jessie!" and he laid a kiss upon her burning cheek, "I shall never cease to blame myself for the part I have played this evening. Had I loved you less I had been calmer."

"False in what way?" asked Miss Loring, unsatisfied with so vague an answer.

"False to your vows, of course. What else could she mean?"

"Did she say that?"

"No—of course not. But she conveyed the meaning as clearly as if she had uttered the plainest language."

"What were her words?" asked Miss Loring.

"I cannot repeat them. She spoke with great caution, keeping remote, as to words, from the matter first in her thought, yet filling my mind with vague distrust, or firing it with jealousy at every sentence."

"Can you fix a single clear remark—something that I can repeat?"

"Not one. The whole interview impresses me like a dream. Only the disturbance remains. But let it pass as a dream, darling—a nightmare created by some spirit of evil. A single glance into your dear face and loving eyes rebukes my folly and accuses me of wrong. We are all the world to each other, and no shadow even shall come again between our souls and happiness."

Jessie resumed her seat and questioned no farther. Was she satisfied with the explanation? Of course not. But her lover was adroit, and she became passive.

"You cannot wonder now," he said, "that I was so anxious to see you this evening. I might have spared you this interview, and it would have been better, perhaps, if I had done so. But excited lovers are not always the most reasonable beings in the world. I could not have slept to-night. Now I shall find the sweetest slumber that has yet refreshed my spirit—and may your sleep, dearest, be gentle as the sleep of flowers! I will leave you now, for I remember that you are far from being well this evening. It will grieve me to think that my untimely intrusion and this disturbing hour may increase the pain you suffer or rob you of a moment's repose. Good-night, love!" and he kissed her tenderly.

"Good-night, precious one!" he added. "May angels be your companions through the dark watches and bring you to a glorious morning!"

He left her, and moved towards the door; yet lingered for his mind was not wholly at ease in regard to the state of Jessie's feelings. She had far from repelled him in any way—but his ardent words and acts were too passively received. She was standing where he had parted from her, with her eyes upon the floor.

"Jessie!"

She looked up.

"Good-night, dear!"

"Good-night, Mr. Dexter."

"Mr. Dexter!" The young man repeated the words between his teeth, as he passed into the

street a moment afterwards. "Mr. Dexter! and in tones that were cold as an icicle!"

He strode away from the house of Mrs. Loring, but little comforted by his interview with Jessie, and with the fiend Jealousy a permanent guest in his heart.

CHAPTER X.

Leon Dexter was not wrong in his suspicions. It was Hendrickson who visited Miss Loring on the evening of his interview with Mrs. Denison. The young man had striven, with all the power he possessed, to overcome his fruitless passion—but striven in vain. The image of Miss Loring had burned itself into his heart, and become ineffaceable. The impression she had made upon him was different from that made by any woman he had yet chanced to meet, and he felt that, in some mysterious way, their destinies were bound up together. That, in her heart, she preferred him to the man who was about to sacrifice her at the marriage altar, he no longer doubted.

"Is it right to permit this sacrifice?" The question had thrust itself upon him for days and weeks. "Leon Dexter cannot fill the desire of her heart." Thus he talked with himself. "She does not love; and to such a woman a marriage unblest by love must be a condition worse than death. No—no! It shall not be! Steadily she is moving on, nerved by a false sense of honor; and unless some one comes to the rescue, the fatal vow will be made that seals the doom of her happiness and mine. It must not—shall not be! Who so fitting as I to be her rescuer? She loves me! Eyes, lips, countenance, tones, gestures, all have been my witnesses. Only an hour too late—Too late! No—no! I will not believe the words! She shall yet be mine!"

It was in this spirit, and under the pressure of such feelings, that Paul Hendrickson visited Jessie Loring on the night Dexter saw him enter the house. The interview was not a very long one, as the reader knows. He sent up his card, and Miss Loring returned for answer, that she would see him in a few moments. Full five minutes elapsed before she left her room. It had taken her nearly all that time to school her agitated feelings; for, on seeing his name, her heart had leaped with an irrepressible impulse. She looked down into her heart, and questioned as to the meaning of this disturbance. The response was clear. Paul Hendrickson was more to her than any living man!

"He should have spared me an interview, alone," she said to herself. "Better for both of us not to meet."

This was her state of feeling, when, after repressing, as far as possible, every unready emotion, she left her room and took her way down stairs.

"Is not this imprudent?" The mental question arrested the footsteps of Miss Loring, ere she had proceeded five paces from the door of her chamber.

"Is not what imprudent?" was answered back in her thoughts.

"What folly is this!" she said, in self-rebuke, and passed onward.

"Miss Loring!" There was too much feeling in Hendrickson's manner. But its repression, under the circumstances, was impossible.

"Mr. Hendrickson!" The voice of Miss Loring betrayed far more of inward disturbance than she wished to appear.

Their hands met. They looked into each other's eyes—then stood for some moments in mutual embarrassment.

"You are almost a stranger," said Jessie, conscious that any remark was better, under the circumstances, than silence.

"Am I?"

Hendrickson still held her hand, and still gazed into her eyes. The ardor of his glances reminded her of duty and of danger. Her hand disengaged itself from his—her eyes fell to the floor—a deep crimson suffused her countenance. They seated themselves—she on the sofa, and he on a chair drawn close beside, or rather nearly in front of her. How heavily beat the maiden's heart! What a pressure, almost to suffocation, was on her bosom! She felt an impending sense of danger, but lacked the resolve to flee.

"Miss Loring," said Hendrickson, his unsteady voice betraying his inward agitation, "when I last saw you—"

"Sir!" There was a sudden sternness in the young girl's voice, and a glance of warning in her eye. But the visitor was not to be driven from her purpose.

"It is not too late, Jessie Loring!" He spoke with eagerness.

She made a motion as if about to rise, but he said in a tone that restrained her,

"No, Miss Loring! You must hear what I have to say to-night."

She grew very pale; but looked at him steadily. So unexpected were his intimations—so imperative his manner, that she was, in a degree, bereft for the time of will.

"You should have spared me this, Mr. Hendrickson," she answered, sadly, and with a gentle rebuke in her tones.

"I would endure years of misery to save you from a moment's pain!" was quickly replied. "And it is in the hope of being able to call down Heaven's choicest blessings on your head, that I am here to-night. Let me, then, speak without reserve. Will you hear me?"

Miss Loring made no sign; only her eye-lids drooped slowly, until the bright orbs beneath were hidden, and the dark lashes lay softly on her colorless cheeks.

"There is one thing, Miss Loring," he began, "known to yourself and me alone. It is our secret. Nay!—do not go! Let me say on now, and I will ever after hold my peace. If this marriage contract, so unwisely made, is not broken, two lives will be made wretched—yours and mine. You do not love Mr. Dexter! You cannot love him! That were as impossible as for light to be enamored of dark—"

"I will not hear you!" exclaimed Miss Loring, starting to her feet. But Hendrickson caught her hand and restrained her by force.

"You must hear me!" he answered, passionately.

"I dare not!"

"This once! I must speak now, and you must hear! God has given you freedom of thought and freedom of will. Let both come into their true activity. The holiest things of your life demand this, Miss Loring. Sit down and be calm again, and let us talk calmly. I will repress all excitement, and speak with reason. You shall hear and decide. There—I thank you—"

Jessie had resumed her seat.

"We have read each other's hearts, Miss Loring," Hendrickson went on. His voice had regained its firmness, and he spoke in low, deep, emphatic tones. "I, at least, have read yours, and you know mine. Against your own convictions, and your own feelings, you have been coerced into an engagement of marriage with a man you do not, and never can, love as a wife should love a husband. Consume that engagement, and years of wretchedness lie before you. I say nothing of Mr. Dexter as regards honor, probity, and good feeling. I believe him to be a man of high integrity. His character before the world is blameless—his position one to be envied. But you do not love him—you cannot love him. Nay!—it is idle to repeat the assertion. I have looked down too deeply into your heart. I know how its pulses beat, Jessie Loring! There is only one living man who has the power to unlock its treasures of affection. To all others it must remain eternally sealed. I speak solemnly—not vainly. And your words echo the truth of my words. It is not yet too late!"

"You should not have said this, Mr. Hendrickson!" Jessie resolutely disengaged the hand he had taken and was clasping with almost a vice-like pressure, and arose to her feet. He did not rise, but sat looking up into her pale, suffering face, with the light of hope, which for a moment had flushed his own, fast decaying.

"You should not have said this, Mr. Hendrickson!" she repeated, in a steadier voice. "It is too late, and only makes my task the harder—my burden heavier. But, God helping me, I will walk forward in the right path, though my feet be lacerated at every step!"

"Is it a right path, Miss Loring? I declare it to be the wrong path!" said Hendrickson.

"Let God and my own conscience judge!" was firmly answered. "And now, sir, leave me! Oh, leave me!"

"And you are resolute?"

"I am! God being my helper, I will go forward in the path of duty. When I faint and fall by the way through weakness, the trial will end."

"Friends, wealth, social attractions—all that the world can give will be yours. But my way must be lonely—my heart desolate. I shall be—"

"Go, sir

CONGRESSIONAL.

CONTINUATION OF THE DEBATE ON THE ARREST OF GEN. WALKER.

THE INDIANA CONVENTION.

ALLEGED BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

SENATE.

On the 11th, the Vice President laid before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of War, enclosing the reports of the surveys of the rivers and harbors on the lakes in the State of New York.

Mr. Seward, of New York, presented the petition of Christian Hansen, praying Congress to establish an ocean mail route between New York and Gluskobad on the Elbe. Referred to the Committee on Post-Office.

On motion of Mr. Foster, of Massachusetts, a resolution was adopted requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to report the amount of revenue collected in each collection district for each year, from 1852 to 1887, the amount expended, and the number of persons employed in the collection of the revenue for each of those years.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, who was entitled to the floor in the debate on the Kansas question, desired, as it was undergoing changes every day, to postpone his remarks until the subject was presented in a more definite form, which would probably be the case ere long.

Mr. Hile, of New Hampshire, said he wished but was not now ready to express his views on the subject; and on his motion, the question was made the special order of the day for Monday next.

After debate, the Senate passed a joint resolution declaring that in any case when the records of the Court of Inquiry appointed under the Act of January, 1857, may render it advisable, in the opinion of the President of the United States, to restore to the active or the reserved list of the Navy, or transfer from furlough to leave of absence, or reserve the services of any officer who may have been dropped or retired by the operation of the law of February, 1855, entitled "An Act to promote the efficiency of the Navy," he shall have authority, any existing law to the contrary, to nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint such officers to the active or reserved list, and the officers so nominated and confirmed shall occupy positions on the active list, and reserved lists respectively, according to rank and seniority when dropped or retired as aforesaid, and be entitled to all the benefits conferred by the Act approved in January last, on the officers restored or transferred to the active or reserved list under that Act. Provided, that nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to allow an increase in the number of officers on the active service list over the number authorized by law.

By unanimous consent, the President's Central American Message was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and the debate postponed until the committee shall make a report.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on the Post-Office to inquire into the expediency of establishing mail lines between the United States and Brazil, and the Republics of South America, and also into the best mode of establishing and maintaining such mail facilities, if found necessary and expedient. Adjourned.

On the 12th, Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, presented a petition from Henry O'Reilly, in favor of establishing a telegraph line from the southern borders of Missouri to Fort Laramie and the south pass of the Rocky Mountains. Referred to the Military Committee.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill explanatory of the Act granting bounty lands to officers and soldiers, passed March, 1855, so as to secure the claims to the heirs of persons making claims who have died before the land warrants were issued. Referred.

The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill to repeal the Act of March, 1856, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to change the names of vessels in certain cases.

Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, in showing the necessity for the passage of the bill, said that he had a list of vessels the names of which had been changed within eight months, and that of that number thirty-one had either been lost at sea or on the coast of Louisiana, and the property of the vessels was being lost to the public. The names were changed to deceive the public, when the vessels were rotten and unworthy. He instanced the case of the Central America, whose name was changed from George Law. One vessel had been condemned and her name changed three times, and what really was sent to sea and never heard of afterwards. The bill was passed.

Mr. Fitch, of Indiana, made a personal explanation. He said that the recent resolution of the Indiana Convention, after re-affirming and defining the doctrine of the Kansas Nebraska Act, proceeds to say, "and hereafter no Territory should be admitted into the Union as a State without a fair expression of the will of the people being first had upon the Constitution accompanying the application for admission." Instead of hereafter, the telegraphic dispatch had substituted therefore, thus materially affecting the sense; for the Convention, in using the word hereafter, had intended to endorse specifically the very doctrine of President Buchanan, who, in his Message, had expressed his approval of this principle of popular sovereignty with reference to all future Territories, while advocating none the less the acceptance of the Leecompton Constitution without such preliminary ratification, which unfortunately had not been provided for in the Kansas-Nebraska Act.

Mr. Tompkins, of Georgia, thought the whole explanation of Mr. Fitch entirely out of order. It was disagreeable to him to listen to such details respecting a purely Constitutional question, whose proceedings the Senate had no concern.

Mr. Douglas argued that the correction was unimportant. The Democracy of Indiana declare that they are in favor of the great doctrine of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and that by a practical application of that doctrine the people of a State or a Territory are equal with the right of ratifying or rejecting at the ballot-box any Constitution that may be framed for their government, and that hereafter no Territory should be admitted into the Union, and no State should be admitted into the Union, unless it be seen that the Indiana Democratic Convention distinctly and unequivocally announce that according to their understanding, the people of Kansas, by virtue of the organic act, have a "vested right" to ratify or reject at the ballot-box any constitution that may be framed for their government; and to suppose that they intended to except Kansas from the benefit, and "practical application" of that doctrine, was to suppose that they meant to repudiate with respect to this Territory, the very act which had just been endorsed and expounded by them as guaranteeing to the people "a vested right" which would be ignored by annulling the Leecompton Constitution. And, moreover, as the constitution of Kansas had not yet come before Congress, it was apparent that in the use of the word hereafter, the Convention had expressly designed to curtail the case of that Territory as well as all others that might arise in the future.

Mr. Hale thought that, as "personal and political explanations" seemed to be the order of the day, he ought to be indulged in a few remarks explanatory of the position occupied by the Democratic State Committee of New Hampshire. He deemed it unkind to scan too closely these resolves of the Northern Democracy, who, it was to be remembered, were exceedingly hard pressed at home, inasmuch that they found it difficult to live in any place less secure than a Custom House or a Post Office. Resolutions passed by gentlemen in such a critical situation deserved, he thought, to be treated very tenderly when brought to the notice of the Senate. The Democracy of New Hampshire, for example, had been reduced to even greater straits, if possible, than the Indiana brethren. An election was close at hand in the former State, and it was apparent that something must be done to relieve the party from the pressure of the odi-

ous Leecompton Constitution on the one hand, and the Administration's approval of that instrument on the other. The State Committee, therefore, in a series of resolutions, had re-endorsed the Kansas-Nebraska Act, re-affirmed the Cincinnati Platform, complimented Mr. Buchanan, and repudiated the Leecompton Constitution; in other words, the New Hampshire Democratic State Committee approve Mr. Buchanan, but do not approve his measures. This, it seemed, was about the position they occupied in the premises, and if it appeared even less comfortable than that of the Indiana Democracy, it was probably because the former were reduced to even greater extremities than the latter.

The remarks of the Senator provoked much merriment on all sides of the chamber, and in taking his seat, he thanked the Senate for its courtesy in permitting him to plead in behalf of the Democracy of New Hampshire, as Mr. Fitch and Mr. Douglas had done in behalf of the Democracy of Indiana.

A joint resolution to extend the time for the restoration of naval officers appointed by the decisions of the Retiring Board to April next, was taken up and passed. Adjourned.

On the 13th, Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, introduced a joint resolution, directing the presentation of a medal to Commodore Paulding, commander of the home squadron, for capturing General Walker and his company of filibusters.

The Senate debated the motion to reconsider the vote adopting the amendment to the joint resolution extending and defining the power of the President, in regard to the nomination of officers who were affected by the action of the Retiring Board, which amendment prescribed that it should not be construed so as to allow an increase of the number of officers on the active list as now authorized by law.

Messrs. Houston, of Texas; Tompkins, of Georgia, and others, earnestly favored the reconsideration, contending that the effect of the provision was to prevent justice being done to the officers who have been unjustly affected by the action of the Naval Retiring Board. Mr. Tompkins spoke of these officers as being the victims of a most preposterous theory.

Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, argued that no necessity had been shown for increasing the active list, and although a great deal had been said about justice, the specifications had not been mentioned.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, mentioned two cases of gallant officers who had been struck down while on honorable service, one in Puget Sound, and the other on the Coast of Africa.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, eulogized Commodore Stewart, and denounced the Retiring Board generally. When he closed his remarks, the Senate manifested a decided disposition to adjourn, which was warmly welcomed by the officers, who were densely filled by the officers of the navy and others.

After a long debate the amendment was rejected, and the joint resolution was passed with another amendment, limiting the power of the President to nominate to six months after the passage of the resolution.

Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, gave notice of his intention to offer an amendment to Mr. Doolittle's joint resolution for a medal to Commodore Paulding, to the effect that Congress has heard with surprise of the arrest of General Walker and others, at Punta Arenas, by Commodore Paulding, and feeling satisfied that the said act was a violation of the territorial sovereignty of Nicaragua, and not sanctioned by any existing law of Congress, disavows the act, and being officially satisfied that the said Paulding acted without instructions from the President or Secretary of the Navy, Congress hereby expresses its condemnation of his conduct in this regard. Adjourned.

On the 14th, Mr. Bell, of Tenn., submitted a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the Secretary of the Interior to communicate an estimate of the quantity of land which will be required under the Act of March, 1857, granting lands to Minnesota for railroad purposes.

On motion of Mr. Davis, of Miss., a resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of War for a report of the commission on war claims in Oregon and Washington Territories.

Mr. Houston, of Texas, gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill to provide for the admission of Kansas into the Union as a State.

The joint resolution, directing the presentation of a medal to Commodore Paulding, was made the special order of the day for Wednesday next.

After the transaction of business of no general importance, the Senate went into Executive session. Adjourned.

On the 15th, the Senate was not in session.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 11th, during some explanatory remarks by several gentlemen, Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, said that about one million dollars was yet due on account of paper, printing and engraving for the last two sessions of Congress. Adjourned.

Mr. Faulkner, of Virginia, asked, but failed to obtain leave to report a bill providing for the increase of the military force, by the establishment of five additional regiments.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union on the President's Annual Message.

Mr. Grosbeck, of Ohio, heartily and fully concurred in the views expressed by the President in his Annual and recent Special Message, relative to the breaking up of the expedition of Walker. Never since the time Aaron Burr fitted out a military expedition against Mexico, had the Administration been so much harassed as it has been by the movements of William Walker, whom he would not call traitor or pirate, but who (Walker) was not in any respect the enemy of the form. He proceeded to vindicate the action of the Administration in defeating Gen. Walker's objects, contending that, in international law, the Navy had a right to go beyond the marine league, with a view of suppressing illegal expeditions and enforcing our obligations of neutrality. Adjourned.

On the 12th, the Speaker laid before the House the Message of the President in response to the resolution calling for information relative to recent events in Central America.

On motion of Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, that part of the Message and the accompanying documents, relating to Commodore Paulding, and having reference to the orders of the Navy Department, was referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs. The other portion was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

A Message was received from the President, stating that he had received a copy of the Constitution of Minnesota, together with an abstract of the votes for and against it and now laid it before Congress, in the manner prescribed by that instrument. Having received but one copy, he had transmitted that to the Senate.

A Message was received from the President, in response to a resolution asking inquiries whether the Government of Nicaragua has made any complaint on account of the arrest of Gen. Walker by Commodore Paulding on its own soil. The President, through the Secretary of State, states that no such complaint has reached the Department.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, to consider the President's Annual Message.

Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, said that if over a President acquired the supporting hands of his friends, it was now. Who could tell what the Administration portion of this House, and what are the Administration measures? Look to the Senate. There the Warlike of the party, in the pride of his power, hurled defiance at the Administration. The President entered upon the Presidency with a plottish treasury, upon the verge of bankruptcy. The Central American question was a puzzle to him. The plank upon which he was about to launch himself, was a plank of the Kansas question, which he is pressing forward for the destruction of freedom's rights, and the indignation hurled back is sinking him. Utah is beyond the control of the Government, and Brigham Young is laughing him to scorn. We'll say it (the President) exclaim, "Save from my friends." As to Central American affairs, if the President was derelict at all, it was because he did not, with a firm and steady

hand, carry out his intentions, and prosecute Walker while he was within our jurisdiction.

Mr. Haskie, of New York, explained the remark made by him on a former occasion—namely, that he was in favor of national grand larceny. In his argument he intended to convey an alternative proposition, to wit: that if Government would not, then it would be far better for the Government to filibuster in a grand way. It was a jocular and figurative expression, and excited laughter. He did not seriously believe that any gentleman really thought he favored grand larceny in a literal sense. Larceny was stealing personal property, and therefore could not be applicable to Cuba or Central America. If the term was appropriate to any party, it must be to the Republican party, who would appropriate their neighbors' personal property. He admitted, with Mr. Thayer, that larceny was mean and contemptible, and sincerely hoped that the representatives of the Republican party will do as much to prevent plunder as some of their predecessors did in the last Congress to promote it.

Mr. Moore, of Alabama, without venturing on an argument of Gen. Walker's valid title to the Presidency of Nicaragua, contended not only that Commodore Paulding had gone beyond his instructions, but that the majority of the nation never could sanction conduct like his. Of Commodore Paulding he knew but little, but he had no doubt that he was a gallant and a more willful and wanton outrage had never been committed by any one clothed with authority, and it became the representatives of a free people to protest against this wanton abasement of power. He could not concur with the Administration in its construction of the neutrality laws.

Mr. Thompson, of New York, in speaking of Gen. Walker, said that after being brought here, he would say that a more willful and wanton outrage had never been committed by any one clothed with authority, and it became the representatives of a free people to protest against this wanton abasement of power. He could not concur with the Administration in its construction of the neutrality laws.

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Mr. Lamar replied that he did not refer to any Senator, but a distinguished aspirant for the Presidency. (Laughter.)

Mr. Montgomery, of Pennsylvania, contended that the true doctrine is that when the government is at peace with any nation, every citizen is at peace with it. If the Government cannot invade a territory, its citizens cannot. A treaty of peace is as broad as the country, and embraces every individual in it. It would be a monstrous doctrine if a hundred or a thousand men could invade and attack a neighboring nation with which we are at peace. Commodore Paulding did nothing less than his duty in arresting Walker and his party, under the law of nations, to send him back for punishment by the offended State. The President had committed a mistake in being too mild and forbearing to Walker.

Mr. Zollicoffer, of Tennessee, thought it was his best policy to let the neutrality laws stand. He did not believe that Walker had violated the law, but that he was a pirate and a robber; therefore such epithets had been unjustly applied to him. Walker was a quiet, modest, self-poised man, of fine education, and understood the laws better than many who so grossly and coarsely denounced him. Paulding's arrest of Walker was a usurpation of power, not warranted by the Constitution; but he (Mr. Zollicoffer) believed it was in the spirit of his instructions.

The Committee then rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 14th, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union on the President's Annual Message.

Mr. Stephens, of Ga., explained and defended his views heretofore expressed. He affirmed, and challenged contradiction when he said it, that, under the neutrality laws, as they now stand, owing to their imperfect phrasing, the President cannot at all use the army and navy. It was only by construction or interpretation that he could do so. All doubts should be removed by legislation respecting these laws. He argued that no power in the United States could prevent American citizens from leaving this country and joining an enemy, or could punish them. But for Paulding's intervention, Walker would now be secure in possession of the Presidency of Nicaragua, and he was the only legitimate Chief Magistrate of that country. He repeated that Walker and his men should be sent back, and full restitution should be made to them for their losses occasioned by the conduct of Com. Paulding, who kidnapped them.

Mr. Moore, of Alabama, gave notice of his intention to introduce a resolution providing for the appointment of a committee, with instructions to inquire into the expediency of acquiring territory, by treaty or otherwise, in Central or South America, for the purpose of colonizing there the free blacks of this country, and those who may hereafter obtain their freedom; to be protected as a dependency under the flag of the United States. He believed the flag of slavery was the emblem of the aggressive movement against Central America. He was opposed altogether to the propagandists, and thought the government ought forthwith to take steps with the view of such colonization, which was recommended by Jefferson and approved by the "Fathers of the Republic." In advocating his proposition he adverted to the commercial, civil and other advantages which would result from its consummation.

The resolutions, heretofore offered, referring the various parts of the President's message to the appropriate committees were taken up for action.

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, endeavored to engraft an amendment to one of the resolutions, tendering thanks to Com. Paulding for his patriotic and spirited conduct.

The amendment was ruled out of order.

Mr. Lister sent up an amendment, (the reading of which occasioned much laughter), proposing that an inquiry be made to determine whether Gen. Walker was induced to enter upon his filibuster expedition by the "Ostend Manifesto," and the letter of the Secretary of State, produced at filibuster meetings held at New York and elsewhere.

The resolution to refer the subject of military expenditures to the Judiciary Committee was amended with instructions to inquire into the expediency of amending the Neutrality Laws.

The proposition of Mr. Phelps, to select the subject of the Pacific Railroad to a select committee of thirteen, was debated, but not concluded.

Mr. Boeck, of New York, moved the House to take up the joint resolution of the Senate relative to the Naval Order of Inquiry. Objected to.

Mr. Bennett's (Ky.) resolution was passed, authorizing a special committee to investigate the facts attending the sale of Fort Snelling, and employ a geographer. He remarked that this was a case in which the public interests required a close investigation.

Mr. Jones, of Alabama, from the Committee of the Judiciary, reported a resolution which was adopted, authorizing the Committee to send for persons and papers in relation to the charge against Judge Watros, of Texas.

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, offered a preamble, setting forth that as it appears by the published report of the Committee appointed to investigate the case of the Middlesex Manufacturing Company, the \$87,000 were paid to secure the passage of the Tariff Act of 1857, and as no satisfactory explanation has been given relative to the application of all but \$8,000, there should be an investigation, the charge tending very seriously to prejudice the reputation and character of the members of the last House who voted for the said Act. Therefore he proposed the appointment of a select committee of five to investigate the charges, and inquire whether any member or officer of the House received any part of the money, with power to send for persons and papers.

Mr. Burdette, of Massachusetts, said that as a general rule he would be against taking cognizance of any transaction which did not occur in the presence of the House or Senate, or not either as to interrupt the deliberations of Congress; but in this case he would depart from the general rule of policy he would select for his own guidance. So many grave charges have been made by individuals and the parties press, with what motives and for what purpose he would not undertake to intimate, that it seemed to him that the House would consult its duty as well as its honor by adopting the resolution.

Mr. Davis, of Maryland, said no man held the political press in more contempt than he. He stood in no fear of it, and held it in no other contempt that he should not notice it, except to carry it before the Grand Jury for a vile libel. When charges are made in the press he deemed them unworthy of investigation. He regarded his reputation, and the reputation of every gentleman here more than enough to look in the face of the whole combined press of the country; but this was a different case. It involved one of the merchant princes, in the books of whose firm the entry appeared of \$87,000, paid for procuring the passage of the tariff act. This is a statement based on a responsible name, and is an adequate foundation for an investigation. The record did not say how the money was disbursed. It may have been spent legitimately, to pay the expenses of agents. If it had got into the hands of any number of Congressmen, he would have been following the precedent of the last Congress in conducting this proposed investigation.

Mr. Hunkler, of Pennsylvania, remarked that all such investigation involved time, trouble and expense, but he was in favor of the one now proposed. The charges were extensively made over the whole country, and if they were nothing more than newspaper charges, he would be still for investigation. He could not conceive the opinions of the gentleman from Maryland relative to the newspaper press, which had not failed to serve its function. You may put corrupt men in the House and the Senate, and corruption may reek all along the avenue, yet with all its abuses, a free press may save the liberties of the people. This charge, however, was not made by the newspaper press alone, but on the authority of the Middlesex Manufacturing Company. He knew nothing about Lawrence, Stone & Com-

pany. It is said they were the "Merchant Princes of New England." But he knew these "Merchant Princes" had struck hands with free trade interest in the last Congress, to crush out the industry of Pennsylvania.

It had been charged over and over again that members had combined for mercenary considerations to affect that policy, together with propositions to admit railroad iron free of duty. Thus the great interests of Pennsylvania were kept in anxiety and suspense. The charges were uttered when the tariff act was under consideration. He heard them when he went home, but that the Free-State party had carried the Legislature. Pro-Slavery majorities—Kirkpatrick 864; Doniphan county 800; Johnson county 1,900; Bourbon 930.

"Douglas county gives 500 Free-State majority, and Atchison city about 30 Democratic. Other parts of the Territory had been but partially heard from.

The vote was small, more than half the voters of the Territory having declined voting for State officers, though a very decided expression was given against the Leecompton Constitution, the majority against it having been placed at ten thousand.

"In many places in the Territory two distinct polls were kept open by the Calhoun Judges and the Free-State Judges.

"A day or two after the election the Free-State men were busy issuing a great number of warrants, and making arrests all over the Territory under the recent legislative act against fraudulent voting. Extensive frauds had been committed in many places.

"The people were much excited, and our informants state that a more serious mischief than ever is undoubtedly brewing in the Territory."

St. Louis, Jan. 13.—The Democrats have received advices from Kansas this evening stating that the State Legislature met at Topeka on the 4th, and after receiving Gov. Robinson's message adjourned to meet at Lawrence.

Mr. Calhoun, the President of the Leecompton Constitution, remains at Weston, Missouri, where he made a speech discouraging any entrance of the Territory by large bodies of men, but countenancing the propriety of single individuals rendering assistance to their personal friends.

The Message of Gov. Denver to the Legislature, ascribes the animosity and bitter feeling existing in the Territory more to personal hostility than political consideration. He refers to the action of the citizens of Nebraska as worthy of imitation by the people of Kansas. He draws attention to the second section of the schedule of the Leecompton Constitution, advising the avoidance of legislation until the action of Congress is ascertained; for should Kansas be admitted under that Constitution, all the acts of the Legislature will be nullified. He recommends early attention to the collection of a revenue for the building of a prison. He alludes to the rumor of the existence of an organization similar to the Danites of Utah, and advises action with reference thereto. Other suggestions, relative to amending the election laws, the protection of the school lands, &c., are made.

St. Louis, Jan. 14.—A despatch from Boonville, dated yesterday, brings a report that the Pro-Slavery party had carried both the ticket for State officers and the Legislature, at the election on the 4th.

It is stated that Governor Denver placed troops at the disposal of the Free State men, for the purpose of preventing any invasion that might be attempted from the border counties.

St. Louis, Jan. 16.—The Republican learns that Gen. Calhoun has returned to Leecompton under an escort of U. S. troops. It is also stated that he was to leave Leecompton on Wednesday last for Washington with the Leecompton Constitution. The vote upon it at the last election is expected to arrive here to-night.

INTERESTING STATEMENT.—A mercantile agency in this city has recently issued a circular in regard to the business of the United States, the number of and losses by failures, &c., which presents some curious results—of course only approximate. The circular states that the number of firms in the United States, (California excepted) embracing all but a class of small retailers in the larger cities, is 204,061; or, estimating the population at 25,000,000, there is a store for every 123 of our inhabitants, or to every 25 families. There has been lost by 357 swindling and absconding debtors, \$3,225,500, and by 532 firms which will pay nothing, their losses and confidential debts absorbing everything, \$

THE ENGLISH AT HOME.

The Englishman is never so much at home as in his home. As soon as he has closed his day's toil, as soon as he can turn the door, John Bull is let in by the rosiest and handsomest of attendants, very tidy and very obliging and obedient, but a little too obsequious in manner. In England, the laboring classes are as subservient as a certain class of American "ship" is to the captain.

TAMING OF A SHREW.

The origin of Shakespeare's idea for his drama of the "Taming of a Shrew" is to be found in an old Spanish chronicle, a translation of which was made by an Englishman, who was a Moor and a Spaniard, and who was a Moor and a Spaniard, and who was a Moor and a Spaniard.

SMALL FOOTED LADIES.

We extract the following from the letter of the London Times correspondent at Shanghai: "A fleetman and his wife went their way by the steamer 'Hoo' from Shanghai to Hongkong."

CATAWBA WINE.

There is a great deal of talk about the Catawba wine, and it is a very good wine, and it is a very good wine, and it is a very good wine, and it is a very good wine, and it is a very good wine.

PROGRESS IN GERMANY.

Winter Song. All is right on a winter night. The snow is white, and the world is white, and the world is white, and the world is white, and the world is white.

THE PATH THROUGH THE SNOW.

The Englishman is never so much at home as in his home. As soon as he has closed his day's toil, as soon as he can turn the door, John Bull is let in by the rosiest and handsomest of attendants, very tidy and very obliging and obedient, but a little too obsequious in manner.

TAMING OF A SHREW.

The origin of Shakespeare's idea for his drama of the "Taming of a Shrew" is to be found in an old Spanish chronicle, a translation of which was made by an Englishman, who was a Moor and a Spaniard, and who was a Moor and a Spaniard.

SMALL FOOTED LADIES.

We extract the following from the letter of the London Times correspondent at Shanghai: "A fleetman and his wife went their way by the steamer 'Hoo' from Shanghai to Hongkong."

CATAWBA WINE.

There is a great deal of talk about the Catawba wine, and it is a very good wine, and it is a very good wine, and it is a very good wine, and it is a very good wine, and it is a very good wine.

PROGRESS IN GERMANY.

Winter Song. All is right on a winter night. The snow is white, and the world is white, and the world is white, and the world is white, and the world is white.

DR. VANE IN BOYHOOD.

When he was ten years old, Dr. Vane was a very good boy, and he was a very good boy, and he was a very good boy, and he was a very good boy, and he was a very good boy.

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Original Novelt.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A Historical Romance
OF
FRANCE AND THE SWISS CANTONS.WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857,
by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the Dis-
trict Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXV.

"CHARLES THE TERRIBLE."

While the concluding events we have related were passing in the chateau de Varennes, the headlong sortie of Count James d'Armagnac, dispersing the soldiers of Chabannes, had opened a path to the valley below, by which a score or two of his followers were enabled to cut their way to the open country. Not so fortunate, however, was their brave lord; for though inspired with superhuman resolution, he had achieved success in his first onset, nature soon succumbed under the violence of his exertions. Reaching the hamlet of De Varennes, he had fallen from his saddle and sunk senseless amid the maelots of battle. Recovering consciousness, it was to find himself in the tent of Count de Dammarin, and a captive of his suzerain, the King of France.

Thus fell into the hands of the politic Louis the Duke de Nemours, the last of those formidable barons whose united assistance had enabled their feudal chief, the Duke of Burgundy, to measure successfully his own power with that of the French monarch. Charles the Rash now found himself alone in his contest with his royal rival; as the Duke of Brittany and Charles de Berry, brother of Louis, had already renounced alliance with their former friend. After these serious defections, the Duke of Burgundy cherished one reliance still for outside aid; and this was on his brother-in-law, Edward, then King of England. But, as if all his hopes were to be frustrated at once, Warwick, the "king-maker," who was the head of the Lancastrian party, had suddenly turned against Edward, defeated and deposed him, and forced him to fly for protection to Charles the Rash, instead of coming, as he had promised, with ten thousand men to his assistance against Louis. Thus, one by one, the Duke's allies were rendered powerless or inimical, and Louis XI., unable to conceal his triumph, directed the General Chabannes to prepare for immediate hostilities against Burgundy.

"Oh, my dear lord Dammarin," he wrote to the general, "I can imagine no other Paradise than to thwart the designs of Burgundy."

Acting on this feeling, he at once repudiated the treaty of Peronne, and ordered Charles to appear before him at Paris, as a rebellious vassal, to give an account of his conduct.

The Duke of Burgundy was in Ghent when the herald of France appeared before him with the mandate of King Louis; but the fiery prince trampled the document under his feet, and scourged the messenger who brought it. The war broke out afresh, and Charles collected a new army to withstand the forces of Louis.

Thus faced the two great factions which disputed the possession of half the French soil—and involved, moreover, the triumph or fall of feudalism in the kingdom—when, at the close of a hot day in June, a horse, covered with dust, and bearing two riders, ambled leisurely over the highroad near the borders of the French territory extending to the banks of the river Somme, beyond which were the dominions claimed as independent possessions by Charles of Burgundy. The animal was a stout roan, of Flemish breed and of great strength, as was manifest by the ease with which he carried his two riders, one of whom was an elderly man, and the other a youth, who conversed together as they journeyed.

"We must be near Neale, Simon Gutt," said the young rider. "Twas to be four leagues from the hotel where we broke fast at high noon; and 'tis now vespers."

"Ay, my master," rejoined his companion; "and right glad will Simon Gutt be when Neale receives us. Mine eyes are blind with dust, and—"

"Close thine eyes, then, good Simon," interrupted the youth, who rode behind the Swiss serving-man; "for there is more dust still in the road before us."

He pointed, as he spoke, to a cloud of dust which appeared at about the distance of half-a-mile, indicating, without doubt, the advance of a large travelling party.

"Let us to one side, among the trees," said Simon Gutt, "till the band, whatever it be, shall pass us by. There be other things to fear beside dust, now-a-days; and 'twere best to be prudent, master Alphonse."

"As thou wilt, Simon," said the youth; and without more ado the serving-man guided their horse aside from the road into the wood that skirted it, where he reined him quietly in a concealed portion till the other wayfarers should pass by. Some time, however, elapsed before the character of the latter could be made out; during which the two travellers dismounted and watched their slow approach. When, at length, the foremost could be seen, they saw that he wore the dress of a free archer, but that he carried neither bow nor curial-axe, nor, indeed, a weapon of any description; but came slowly halting in the dust of the highway, with head drooping, and eyes upon the ground. Ere they could express to one another their surprise, another and another, in the same archer's garb, and alike weaponless, followed in succession, and then, by twos and threes, uttering doleful groans, mingled with fierce curses, there passed scores upon scores, at the same uncertain pace, until full five hundred were noted by the concealed observers. But what was more astonishing, as well as frightful, was the discovery which Simon Gutt, albeit with blinded eyes, speedily made, that each one of these five hundred free archers held his right arm in a sling formed of a bow-string, and that a horrible mutilation had been inflicted on every man—his right hand having been cut off at the wrist, leaving only the stump wrapped round with rags, through which the blood oozed as they walked. Some of these wretched men were wounded and maimed elsewhere; but all shared alike the loss of a right hand.

"Ah, my God!" cried Simon Gutt, as he drew a long breath, after the last of the poor archers had limped by, "what terrible cruelty has been done here!"

"By our Lady, I will learn more concerning this strange sight!" replied Alphonse. And walking out at once into the highway, he drew nigh to one of the sufferers, and in a tone of commiseration, inquired the reason of his mutilation.

The archer addressed was a fierce-looking man, of middle age; and to the youth's question he responded, with a fearful oath.

"My hand—the butcher of Burgundy keeps it in pledge that I will not draw arrow against him again!"

"Ay!" cried a companion, who walked beside, speaking in the Picard dialect, "five hundred right hands are nailed to the gates of Neale, while Charles the Terrible drinks blood with his butchers in the palace! May all the curses of hell be his henceforth and forever!"

Alphonse turned aside away, and regarded the long line of maimed archers as they went on, bruising their maledictions against Charles of Burgundy, till their voices could be no longer heard, and their forms were lost in the clouds of dust that rose behind them. Then remounting the roan, the two travellers pursued their way, arriving at dusk before the gate of Neale, at which were bands of soldiers wearing the colors of Burgundy.

"We are two humble wayfarers," said Simon Gutt, in reply to a man-at-arms, who suddenly seized the reins of their steed.

"Are ye for the Duke or the King?" demanded the soldier, fiercely.

"We are peaceable abiders of the law, and quarrel with no man," returned Simon Gutt.

"Whence journey ye?"

"From the Swiss mountains, to seek relations in France," interposed Alphonse.

But the soldier cried:

"Silence, malapert! let the graybeard answer! Or dismount, both, and let us see what ye have hid in your sacks."

He laid his hand, as he said this, on a couple of small panniers affixed to the girths under their blankets—for saddle they boasted not—which contained a few changes of raiment.

"You will find nought that is treasonable with us," said the Swiss, good-humoredly, as he alighted.

But the soldier, who had been attentively regarding his features by the light of a torch which another held, now grasped him violently by the throat, exclaiming, with an oath, "Villain! incendiary! I know thee well!"

"In the Lord's name! why do you maltreat me?" cried Simon Gutt, struggling to free himself from the soldier's choking clutch.

Alphonse hurried to his assistance, and struck aside the ruffian's arm, but several of the man's comrades threw themselves forward with ready weapons in their hands, and the pair would have been overpowered in a moment, had not a horseman ridden up hastily from the gate on discovering the tumult.

"How now, brawling knaves! are ye fighting among yourselves? Have ye not drunk blood enough this day?"

"It is the Duke's physician!" whispered the soldiers, as they fell back before the rider, who, clad in black, and with but a plain sword at his side, rode into the crowd of turbulent men-at-arms.

"What is it ye do?" he demanded, sharply.

"Your lordship, we have discovered a great villain here!" answered the ruffian who had seized Simon Gutt, but now released his hold.

"This graybeard was a groom of that Blue Boar hostelry, wherein our noble and conquering Duke did barely escape the flames. 'Tis now four years or more, but may the fiend fly away with me if I remember not his gray beard and round eyes as 'twere yesterday! I shot at the murderer in the wood that night, but Satan did turn the bullet."

"What sayest, sirrah? Is it true that thou art a murdering incendiary?" cried the physician, Angelo Catho, addressing the Swiss.

"It is true that I was a servant at the hostelry, and no more," replied Simon Gutt; "but, as God shall judge me, I know nothing concerning the cause for which my poor master's house was burned."

"He do lie!" rejoined the soldier. "Was not your lordship present when this graybeard's fellow, the groom, was flayed alive? If they were both serving-men at the hostelry, why should not this villain be scourged to death like his comrade?"

"Follow me!" was the brief response which the physician vouchsafed to the soldier's harangue, as he fixed his keen eye upon the Swiss.

"Who is thy companion?"

"A youth who seeks kindred in Gascony," replied Simon Gutt. "There be no treason between us, as the Lord shall judge!"

"Follow me!" reiterated Angelo Catho; and turning his horse's head, he rode toward the gate.

Simon Gutt and Alphonse remounted their roan and urged him forward; while the men-at-arms, with many muttered threats, drew near each other, discussing the well-nigh forgotten subject, just recalled, of the burning of the hostelry on the morning of St. Tron's battle.

Angelo Catho meanwhile rode into the town of Neale, traversing the main street towards the great church, while the riders of the roan kept close behind. It was now nightfall, but the way was illumined by hundreds of torches, brandished in the hands of soldiers, who with naked swords, ran wildly up and down. These torches flashed upon the gutters of the streets, down which flowed what seemed to be water; but as the roan at a crossing splashed the dark tide upward, Alphonse and Simon Gutt uttered an exclamation of horror: for they saw that the stream was of blood. In a few moments they reached a square in front of the church, and here the appalled travellers beheld a spectacle which caused them to close their eyes, in deadly sickness, so wantonly murderous and unnatural did it appear.

The blaze of a thousand torches cast its lurid glare upon a multitude of soldiers who thronged about the open doors of the church, armed with every description of weapon. Above the doors were nailed hundreds of human hands, the trophies hacked from the free archers whom the travellers had encountered on the road to Neale. At a little distance from the church stood a gallows, from which dangled the body of a man in archer's garb, and to this body were affixed scores of the same bleeding human hands. This was the body of Le Petit Picard, captain of the five hundred free archers of Neale, who had been hanged without mercy when captured, his fol-

lowers being condemned by the victor to the cruel mutilation which they had suffered. The two travellers turned their gaze from the horrid sight, only to encounter a scene more frightful and vividly repulsive.

The square, as has been remarked, was crowded with soldiers, forming a semi-circle around the doors of the church, which stood upon the highest ground. As Alphonse and Simon Gutt looked toward this church, they beheld a band of ruffians in the Burgundian colors, emerge hastily from the doors, dragging by the hair scores of women and girls, and holding above their heads young babes transfixed with spear heads. The most heart-rending shrieks now rose, mingled with discordant cries and shouts of triumph; and then the soldiers tossed forward the wretched women and girls to their infuriated comrades below the church steps, who received them with sword thrusts and strokes of axes. All the space in front of the church and on the spacious steps were piled with dead bodies lying one upon another; and from these the blood gushed in a wide stream into the gutters and beneath the feet of their merciless enemies. Each moment the ruffians drew forth new victims, and the air was pierced with shrieks, while over all the torches cast an unearthly glare, so that the scene appeared to be infernal, and its actors demons rather than human forms. Doctor Angelo Catho, physician of the Duke, passed a moment, viewing the spectacle with a calm eye, but the two who rode close behind him averted their eyes in silent horror. At this moment a blast of trumpets and loud shoutings announced the approach of Charles of Burgundy. He came at the head of a cavalcade of nobles and knights, each seeming to outdo the other in bravery of apparel and richness of horse-furniture. Charles himself was clad in complete armor of black, with the blue scarf of his family crossed over his breast, and the Lion of Flanders emblazoned upon the costly saddle-cloth that descended below his horse's knees. As he advanced the steed's hoofs plashed up the warm blood, staining the trappings; and looking downward the conqueror beheld the bodies of women and children stripped naked and covered with wounds, on either side of his pathway.

"Hah!" he cried, "I have good butchers about me. These are the fruits of the tree of man! But it is a terrible sight!"

As he uttered these words, the soldiery intoxicated with blood, shouted anew, crying, "Long live Charles the Terrible!"

"Well," muttered the Duke, turning to the Sieur de Costay, who rode beside him, "it is as good a name as 'Charles the Rash.'" Then, raising his horse, he proceeded slowly on past the church, which was now a shambles, and followed by knights and gentlemen, descended toward the gates.

When the cavalcade had cleared the square, the Count de Campo Basso bending his head, inquired of his master,

"Shall I give the signal?"

"If it is time," answered the Duke.

The Italian rose in his stirrups, and grasping a torch from a follower, waved it aloft three times, and then cast it into the open window of a dwelling which they were then passing. In an instant hundreds of torches were brandished in a similar manner, and men could be seen rushing frantically to and fro, entering houses, and then emerging to enter others. Presently from one, and another, and a score of buildings, flames burst forth, and mounted to the roofs. Charles of Burgundy had ordered the town to be burned, and his butchers were turned incendiaries.

"Follow me!" said Angelo Catho, beckoning to the two travellers, and spurring his steed in the rear of the Duke's cavalcade. The riders of the roan kept close, fearing now to lose sight of their protector, lest they might be murdered at once by the maddened Burgundians. In a short time they had reached the gate, out of which crowds of soldiers were pouring, with burdens of plunder gathered from the sacked houses, now doomed to general conflagration.

At a farm-house some distance from the walls, chosen as the head-quarters of the Duke, Angelo Catho and the two travellers approached the Prince, who was observing the flames of Neale as they flared against the sky and cast their lurid effulgence over groups of fugitives who, escaping from the city in all directions, were pursued by soldiers on foot and horseback, and cut down remorselessly, without distinction of age or sex. Charles turned quickly as the physician approached him.

"These fellows," said the Italian, pointing to his followers, "may recall some reminiscences to your grace. The elder confesses to have been a groom at the Inn of St. Tron, where a great calamity so nearly chanced to us."

"The Inn of St. Tron?" mused Charles, "where a groom was scourged to death by your brother Campo Basso's orders, Angelo?"

"It is true," answered the physician, "and the host himself perished under the whip at Liege, as your grace may remember. But this fellow escaped it seems; and is but now from the Swiss valleys."

"Knowest aught concerning the burning of the Inn of St. Tron?" demanded Charles, abruptly addressing Simon Gutt, who had removed his cap and was awaiting humbly whatever might befall him; "speak boldly, or it shall be worse for thee!"

The Swiss replied, "As God shall judge me, my lord, I am innocent of all blame in that business. I was aroused by the flames, and hastened at once to save the horses under my charge, the which being done, I was suddenly set upon by armed men, whom I did 'scape by flying to the wood."

"And where hast thou since sojourned?"

"In my native country of Switzerland, whence I am now journeying, with the poor youth whom my lord sees, in order that he may seek kindred in Gascony."

The serving-man uttered these words in a faltering tone; for he was panic-stricken by the sight he had just witnessed, and dreaded each moment lest some of the fierce Duke's followers might strike him a murderous blow.

Charles regarded him scrutinizingly a moment and then said,

"Thou art from the Swiss valleys? Art likewise from the country of James de Romont?"

"We are from Alsacia, my lord!"

"Answer me then, quickly; and take heed what thou sayest! Are the Swiss leaguers plotting new mischief against my friends in the cities? I have news that thy countrymen have little love for Charles of Burgundy."

"It is not Charles of Burgundy whom they hate," cried the youth Alphonse, perceiving

that Simon Gutt hesitated to respond to the Duke's questions.

"Hah, boy! and who else do they honor with their ill-will?"

"The Duke of Burgundy's unfaithful and tyrannous governors!" replied Alphonse, boldly; "who oppress the people, like Von Hogenbach in the comté of Ferret, and turn their master's friends into deadly enemies."

"By St. George! thou art a bold stripling!" cried the Duke, regarding Alphonse attentively; "how darest prate thus of my good Governor Hogenbach, who curbs his turbulent comté as a strong rider reins his steed? Have a care with thy rash tongue, youth!"

"I speak truth, my lord," returned Alphonse; "the Governor Hogenbach is hated by the people; and they call him 'Geeler' through all the cantons!"

"Hah!" cried Charles. "That was the Austrian whom Tell slew with an arrow—eh? well! was it not? Speak! are there more Tells in Switzerland, youth?"

"I doubt me there be a hundred in each canton," answered Alphonse, without shrinking. The Duke regarded him narrowly, and then said sharply—

"Boy! thou hadst better seek out thy Gascon kindred and tarry with them; for as the Lord lives, Charles of Burgundy will make short work of thy hundred Tells if they lay hands on his Governor, Hogenbach. Now get ye hence, and take heed of your ways! Let them depart, Angelo!"

"Will not your grace have further speech with this groom concerning the hostelry matter?"

"Tut, 'twas no groom's hand that lit the incendiary's match, Angelo. Hark ye, my good leech! it is one of the debts which Charles owes to Louis of France. Enough! The poor clown whom your brother Campo Basso scourged, died innocent, though the Kerne's life was of small worth. Let these fellows go in peace!"

"Your grace shall be obeyed," said Angelo Catho.

"Attend me presently, Angelo, with some anodyne; for I fear a sleepless night. I would rest! I am weary of blood!"

The Duke dashed his hand quickly across his forehead and turned away. The physician made a sign of dismissal to the two riders of the roan, and Simon Gutt, who needed no further injunction, spurred the animal at once into a rapid pace, endeavoring to make the best of his way from the unlucky gates of Neale. Behind them, as they departed, flared up the flames that were consuming the devoted town, reflecting a fierce glow from the sky above to the surrounding country.

But the travellers were not yet out of danger's reach. The night had set in, and the highway was becoming sufficiently gloomy as it skirted woodland and precipice to inspire a feeling of uneasiness, when the bridge of the roan was suddenly grasped by a man who started abruptly from the roadside, at the same time that three others advanced from behind.

"Dismount and give up the horse, varlets," cried he who had grasped the bridle. "Such as ye may as well walk, when your masters would ride." The Swiss recognized in the voice which addressed them, that of the man-at-arms who had encountered them first at the gate of Neale.

"We have been bidden to go free by the Duke himself," replied Simon Gutt. "And we make the best of our way. Let us pass in peace, my good friends." As the serving-man said this, his companion, the youth, slipped quietly to the ground from his place behind.

"Ye may go where ye will, and the foul fiend go with you!" cried the ruffian who held the bridle, giving vent to an oath. "But I have set mine heart on this goodly roan, which shall presently bear a rider worthy of his mettle! So dismount, knave, and prate not!"

"Ho, Moustache! forward!" exclaimed the youth suddenly, as he struck the horse smartly with his open hand; and no sooner had he spoken than the roan reared upward with a snort, and jerking his bridle from the hands of the ruffian who grasped it, struck forward at the instant with his fore feet, planting them full upon the breast of the soldier, who fell with a groan to the ground. At the same time Alphonse drew his pommel and made a lunge at another of the ruffians, piercing him through the breast ere he could interpose his own weapon in defence. The movement of the horse and action of the youth were so simultaneous and unexpected, that the two marauders rolled in the dust before their comrades were aware of danger.

"Now, Simon Gutt! wheel Moustache, and ride down another!" cried Alphonse in a loud tone, as he threw himself forward to meet the thrust of the soldiers, who, drawing their heavy swords advanced to cut him down. Simon Gutt, however, apparently astounded at the deed which the roan had perpetrated, seemed powerless to control the now furious animal. He kept his place while the steed reared and plunged, but his arm seemed nerveless to direct his motions. Meanwhile the two remaining ruffians precipitated themselves at once upon the stripling who bravely defended himself with his dagger. Could the serving-man have interposed at this juncture by urging his horse against the soldiers, Alphonse might have been less at disadvantage; but a moment's delay was nearly proving fatal to the youth, who, failing to sustain himself against a double assault, was presently beaten down by the curial-axe of the foremost man-at-arms.

Simon Gutt, just wheeling the roan, beheld his young master sink, and, thinking no more of contest, cast himself from the horse, and rushed between Alphonse and the sword which was again uplifted to strike. But at this crisis a new color was given to the conflict by the appearance of a man, who, wielding a heavy mace, suddenly sprang from the roadside, and swinging his weapon, at once shivered the soldiers' curial-axe, and dashed it down to the ground beside his companions and the incesant stripling.

The fourth marauder turned to fly, but not in time to escape a stroke of the mace which dashed the steel up from his hand, and stretched him headlong at a dozen paces distance.

"Lie there, dog of a Burgundian!" cried the mace-bearer, fiercely, as he witnessed the effect of his last blow. "And now, in God's name, speak!" he continued, addressing Simon Gutt, who knelt over the prostrate youth, extending his arms as if he still would protect him. "Who and what are ye who have defended yourselves so valiantly against grievous odds?"

"Alas! I fear me he is mortally hurt!" cried the Swiss, heeding not the other's question, but bending over Alphonse, and uplifting his face which was now covered with blood. The mace-bearer stooped likewise, placing his hand upon the youth's bosom, and said—

"He is living! his heart beats! let us bear him hence!"

"Alas! whither?" murmured Simon Gutt. "There are none but hostile men behind us, and the night is wearing."

"I will presently bestow ye both in a place of safety," answered the other. "Let the youth be set upon yonder steed, and we will uphold him as we walk."

Simon Gutt obeyed the stranger's gesture by rising from his knees and securing the roan, which was now standing quietly at the road side. This done, Alphonse was placed upon the animal's back, his fainting form sustained by the two who walked beside. And thus diverging from the highway, the little troop entered into the woodland and pursued a devious path, dimly disclosed by the moonlight that now began to penetrate through the tree-tops. Upon the road, meanwhile, the four soldiers, three of whom were beyond all reach of succor, lay just as they had fallen in the thick dust.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FOREST LODGE.

The morning sun gilding mountain-brow, and bathing high forest-branches, slanting down eastern hill-sides, and kindling up dew-sprinkled meadows into a blaze of silvery light, that presently exhaled in golden vapor—penetrated, likewise, with a few beams to the open casement of a small cottage, a hunting-lodge, that was situated in a deep valley in the midst of an extended forest skirting the banks of the Somme, and extending, with intervals of open country, far away to the borders of Normandy. Much of the land, as we have remarked, was at this period overrun by wildernesses of woodland, in the intricacies of which roamed many varieties of game—the red fox, the stag, the wolf, and the wild-boar. A traveller might easily lose himself for days in one of these almost pathless wilds; for, save an occasional forester's cot, or the hut of a woodman, few denizens save brutes were to be found in the dreary solitudes. Occasionally, indeed, in some deep ravine, or under the shelter of a mossy cliff, crowned by gnarled and stunted oaks, the cell of a religious recluse might be encountered, and its occupant, some gray-bearded, tattered devotee discovered at his prayers, or engaged in gathering roots and berries for his scanty nourishment. Otherwise these forest growths might be traversed for scores of miles without the sight of human face or the sound of human voice.

But the little lodge, through a vine-wreathed casement of which the morning sun now stole in chequered beams, was not rugged and homely like the retreat of an anchorite. It was situated upon a deep ledge in a narrow valley or gulch, reached from the upper woody plain by a precipitous pathway, and was concealed effectually from the inquisitive eyes of chance wanderers in the forest by a half-circle of rocks at its rear, over-capped by wide-branching trees, which completely hid its roof, while on the borders of the ledge was a corresponding curtain or network of trees, screening the nook from all observation from any opposite point. Through this inter-locked curtain of wood the eastern rays were now streaming, penetrating the interior of the lodge itself to a quiet room, plainly but neatly appointed, with modest hangings on the walls and rushes strewn the floor. A silken covered couch stood near the casement, and upon that lay the form of Alphonse the page, his eyes closed in sleep, and his pallid features faintly illumined by the shaded light that stole from without. Beside him upon a footstool sat a young maiden, whose lustrous eyes watched his sleeping features; and at a little distance, near the open door, beyond which could be seen a small garden, two other figures occupied oaken chairs, and were engaged in low conversation. The maiden whose golden-tressed head bent over the sleeping youth was Angela, whom we left at the close of a previous chapter, carried from the burning castle of Varennes by the messenger Merindat. The two others who talked together, were the mace-bearer and Simon Gutt. The countenance of the former was grave and earnest in expression, whilst that of the Swiss exhibited marks of great wonder and interest in the matter of their conversation.

"Yes, Simon Gutt!" said Merindat, in measured tones, "thou hast soothly said that I have changed, and that I wear no more the smile which was wont to signify my merry heart. Put forth thine hand now, mine ancient friend, and fold down this green doublet o' mine. There, good Simon!" continued the mace-bearer, rising with his guest, and assisting the latter to shift the forester's garment, so as to exhibit his naked breast and shoulders. "What seest thou, Simon Gutt?"

"I see the marks of—Blessed St. Peter! what be those scores and deep wounds, say, dear master?"

"They are the welts and furrows of the lash, Simon Gutt!" cried the mace-bearer, with a vehemence that was startling, while a dark frown corrugated upon his forehead, and the veins of his face became filled with blood. "Hah! my friend! they are marks of the scourge, wherewith the flesh of a free Switzer was torn from his limbs by the flayers and butchers of yonder tyrant—Charles of Burgundy! Look upon them, Simon Gutt! behold the red brand of a free-born man's shame, and know by these stripes that I am changed—that I am no more the peaceful publican, Pierre Bart—but a blood-hound on the track of Burgundy's Duke."

"My master! my kind master! they scourged thee thus!" cried Simon Gutt, his eyes filling with tears as he regarded the discolored welts that still bore witness to the cruel flagellation which the landlord of the Blue Boar had suffered in the town-house of Liege by order of Charles of Burgundy.

"Ay, Simon Gutt! till I sunk like one dead at the foot of the scourging-pillar! And then, casting me into a dungeon, they would have done me to death by starvation and neglect, had not my spirit been as iron beneath their cruelty."

"But at last thou didst 'scape them!" cried Simon Gutt—"thou art free now, dear master Pierre!"

"Yes, Simon! I am free to follow the path of Charles the Burgundian, till I behold him sink, as I did, bloody and despairing. When the burghers of Liege, rising a second time against their Duke, cast open my prison doors and bade me arm myself and fight for freedom, I knelt at the scourging-pillar, and swore by Him who made me that I would henceforth war against the tyrant who had degraded by his lash and

chain the limbs of a free-born Switzer. Did I not right, Simon Gutt?"

"Truly!" answered the serving-man. "But thou art wonderfully changed, dear master Pierre!"

"I am changed in all my nature," Pierre Bart replied; but at that moment a soft hand was laid upon his arm as he stood towering above Simon Gutt, his broad features almost savage in their serious aspect.

Angela had risen from her seat beside the slumbering Alphonse, and stolen to her protector's side.

"Dear father!" she murmured—"dear Pierre Bart! thou art not changed in love for thy Angela!"

"For thee, little one? in love for thee?" cried the mace-bearer, drawing the maiden toward him, and clasping his stalwart arm around her slight form, while he bent his lips to her white forehead. "Never can Pierre Bart change in that, my child. But how fares thy patient, Angel? The opiate must have had marvellous effect, for he hath now slept a half-score hours. The fever hath left him, moreover!" continued Pierre Bart, advancing to the couch, and watching the placid features of Alphonse. "It did seem a grievous hurt that the lad received, when I dressed the wound last night, yet no vital part was endangered withal. Care and rest will soon restore him; for the blood of youth is fresh and healthful. He will sleep on, Angel, till the virtue of the powder be quite gone, and then, I trust me, all danger will be past."

"The Virgin grant it!" murmured Angela, as she again seated herself beside the couch; whilst Pierre Bart resumed the colloquy with his ancient servant. "It was of a surety great fortune that I chanced to encounter the villains who assaulted the poor youth and myself," said the mace-bearer. "But thou hast not yet recounted thine own history since we parted, good Simon!"

"That can I speedily do, master," replied the serving-man, who thereupon proceeded to relate the circumstances attending his escape from the soldiers during the burning of the hostelry, and his subsequent departure from the Mill of St. Tron, in company with the Lady Margaret and her page.

"Thou didst follow my brother, Jean Schaeffer! Let me now learn—for I am impatient to hear—that my good kinsman is well."

"Alas! my master!" said Simon Gutt, "since that unlucky day I have never set eyes upon Maitre Jean! The Lady Margaret and master Alphonse yonder, did urge swift flight to our Swiss valley, where we have sojourned since; but Maitre Jean hath never returned to his native village. We had thought that he left St. Tron to fly with Angel to our ancient home; but here, truly, master Pierre, art thou, and Angel is with thee! but where is Maitre Jean?"

"Ay, where, indeed, is my poor kinsman?" ejaculated Pierre Bart. "Since the fatal night when Burgundian Charles entered my doomed house I have never beheld Maitre Jean! But the lady who accompanied thee to our country, Simon Gutt, where sojourns she?"</

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O'CONNELL AND THE IRISH BANK CRISIS.

A run was being made for gold by the peasantry of the surrounding counties; and crowds of clamorous frieze-coats might be seen pushing and fighting at the doors of all the banks in Ireland. The Bank, however, (which has since proved itself to be as solvent as any establishment in Ireland,) enjoyed at that time the least confidence, and was, of course, the more set upon. I had a few of their one-pound notes, though I believed they were very good, if people would only have faith in them; still, as I feared the panic itself might bring about the catastrophe it apprehended, and it was *seu qui potest* everywhere, I thought it would only be prudent in me to save myself, so I mounted my nag, and trotted with my bundle of notes into

On arriving at the bank door, the Babel of mixed Irish and English was terrific. Men and men, and men and women tugged and struggled together for precedence, and I could hear the exclamations, "There you have torn the coat off my back making as much fuss about your dirty thirty-shilling note, as if it were a pack-load of ten pounders you had."

"Arrah, ye'll be all served," cried out a droll fellow on the verge of the crowd. "Here's the Counselor coming, and a bag of gold on his back."

All looked in the direction the last speaker pointed to, and there, sure enough, I could see approaching the burly figure of O'Connell, who was one of the directors of the bank, and had just arrived from Dublin. He had not exactly a bag on his back, but he carried a parcel in his hand.

"Let me pass, my good friends," said he, "and you shall all be served." And he pushed shoulder foremost through the crowd, who made way for him, and gave three cheers for the "Counselor" as he passed.

The Liberator, as he was called, might have been twenty minutes in the bank, when a hurrah was raised from those who stood nearest the bank door, "Didn't I tell you," cried a fellow, crushing his way out, and blowing with his breath to cool five hot sovereigns which he held with difficulty in his hand; "Didn't I tell you the Counselor would settle it? There they are at it, hard and fast, as tallow chandlers on a melting day, making sovereigns like winks, and they're shovelling them out upon the counter as hot as boiled prunes from a pot," and he blew again upon the sovereigns, and held them up to be touched. Seeing and feeling was believing, and there, sure enough, was the gold, warm, as f from the crucible.

"Glory to you, Dan!" shouted out the crowd, who now really believed that the Counselor was making sovereigns in the back parlor to meet the run. "What's the use of crushing; you can't break a bank when they're melting out money like that."

My curiosity was at its height, so, with one tremendous effort, I gained admission, and there, sure enough, were the clerks lading out burning hot sovereigns from copper scoops to the people, who crowded to the counter, and who, snatching and blowing their fingers, were picking up the coins as you might roasted chestnuts.

They say the *run* was not a new one, and that O'Connell only revived it, in the case of the Bank; but it was not the less meritorious and successful on that account. The clerks were really engaged in the back-parlor heating the sovereigns on fire shovels over a large fire; and rushing out with red faces and in a furious hurry, they threw them "hot, all hot," to the cashiers, who counted them out with iron curling tongs to the customers, who believed that the work of coining was going on over innumerable crucibles in the back-parlor.

The plan had a double advantage—it inspired confidence, and made the process of money-making so slow on the part of the public, who were perpetually burning their fingers, that the bank, with a very limited supply, was able to meet a demand which, under the circumstances, was necessarily slow. The clerks could serve the people as fast as the people could count the hot sovereigns.

The *run* which had almost instantaneous effect in allaying alarm, O'Connell maintained was perfectly justifiable. From ignorance, a panic, which might have proved fatal to the bank, arose, and he thought he had a right to allay it by playing on this same popular ignorance. A bank that could serve sovereigns at will from an oven could never, of course, want gold in the imagination of a simple people.

PERFECTLY COOL.—A waggy friend of ours tells the following, which he does not remember to have seen in print:

A certain man, whom we will call M—, was noted for possessing great courage and presence of mind, and the crossness wife in the neighborhood.

More than one attempt had been made to frighten M—, without success; but one dark, stormy evening, one of his brother chaps, resolved to see if there was any scare in him, fixed himself up in the most ghostly piece possible, and stationed himself in a lonely place of wood through which M— had to pass on his way home.

The pretended ghost had scarcely settled himself in his position, when M— rode in sight, and came whistling along unconcerned as usual. Suddenly the ghostly figure confronted him, and in a sepulchral voice, commanded him to stop. M— did so, and after regarding his companion for a moment, said, with the utmost coolness:

"I can't stop, friend; if you are a man, I must request you to get out of the way and let me pass; if you are the devil, come along and take supper with me—I married your sister."

A NEW IDEA, AND A GOOD 'UN.—Brown tells us an anecdote which he heard on a recent visit to one of the Western States, of a witty lawyer who, in ridiculing the Vicissitudes of a certain Judge (who was in the habit of deciding wrong rather more than half of the time), said—"If he would only toss up a copper and say, 'heads for plaintiff, tails for defendant,' his chances to decide justly would be at least equal, which, on the whole, would be pretty fair judicial success; but the old fellow is an infernal perverve, that he actually violates the doctrine of chances!"—*Post*.



TERRIFIC ACCIDENT.

Bursting of old Mrs. Twaddle's Aqua-Vivarium. The old lady may be observed endeavoring to pick up her favorite eel with the tongs, a work requiring some address.—From the London Punch.

MR. SERVANT DORR.—Many years ago, when as yet there was but one church in the old town of Lime, Conn., the people were without a pastor. They had been for a long time destitute, and now were on the point of making an unanimous call for a very acceptable preacher, when a cross-grained man by the name of Dorr, began a violent opposition to the candidate, rallied a party, and threatened to defeat the settlement. At a parish meeting, while the matter was under discussion, a half-witted fellow rose in the house, and said he wanted to tell a dream he had last night. He thought he died and went away where the wicked people go, and as soon as Satan saw him, he asked where he came from.

"From Lime, in Connecticut," I told him right out.

"Ah! and what are they doing in Lime?" he asked.

"They are trying to settle a minister," I answered.

"Settle a minister?" he cried out. "I must put a stop to that! Bring me my boots! I must go to Lime this very night!"

I then told him, as he was drawing on his boots, that Mr. Dorr was opposing the settlement, and very likely he would prevent it altogether.

"My servant Dorr!" exclaimed his majesty, "my servant Dorr! Here, take my boots; if my servant Dorr is at work, there is no need of my going at all!"

This speech did the business! Mr. Dorr made no further opposition; the minister was settled, but his opponent carried the title "My servant Dorr" with him to the grave.

UNUSUAL READINGS.—A pious old grandame, illustrating the power of the Creator to a boy of children's children, desired their especial regard for that impressive paragraph in one of the Books of Moses, where we are told that "God smote Abijah, the Hittite, that he died." Like the illustrious dam of the precocious kid, however, she was prone to introduce her first conclusions with a solemn preambulatory lecture, and so, after having prepared the young minds of her audience for the solemn truth, she gravely peered over her venerable spectacles, mentioning chapter and verse, read with impressive dignity:—"And God smote Abijah, hite-tite, that he died." In this connection, it may be reported, that one of the pupils of a city school, the other day, reading a chapter about the "Sacred Redeemer," astonished the class by reading to them concerning the merciful kindness of the "sacred redeemer." In the same category may be mentioned the preacher who, preparatory to his regular discourse, read a chapter, as usual, from Holy Writ. At the bottom of the page he read "I am"—but accidentally and unconsciously turning two leaves, he proceeded—"an ass," but discovering his error, he turned back a page, and continued, "that I am," greatly to the edification of his attentive flock.

TWO OF THEM.—Among the outside shows at the Great Fair at Buffalo, were "The Cattaraugus Fat Girl," weighing five hundred pounds, and "The Celebrated Cattaraugus Pig," whose weight exceeded that of his rival by some eight hundred pounds. A bland visitor of these curiosities asked after the general health of the "Fat Girl," how long she had been growing; how much broader than long she was; and the like innocent and natural questions, which were courteously and satisfactorily answered. At length he capped the climax of his laconic inquiries by asking, pointing with his cane to the huge grunting porker, grating his great white perforated trumpet-nose in the corner of the tent, "Twins, madam, may I ask?"

"Soch rath!" as Mr. K. N. Pepper would say; she endeavored to rise and follow the inquisitor, as, with his friend, he retired toward the door of her tent; but a weight heavier than that which weighed down Giant Despair held her in check, and the two unchristian "Hophals" managed to escape. The question was wrong and unnecessary.—*Kaickerbocker*.

NEW ANECDOTE OF CHARLES LAMB.—I opened the little low pew-door of the inclosure at the India House, which contained his desk, being determined to introduce myself; so I walked up to him, and, hat in hand, said, with a respectful bow: "Mr. Charles Lamb, I believe?" "Y-e-s," said Lamb, slowly, feeling and coaxing at the same time his short, thin, gray whiskers, "y-e-s, they call me Lamb yet, but I am old enough to be a sheep!"

THE editor of the New Idea, at Samia, Shelby county, Iowa, advertises for somebody to purchase a half-interest in the concern. Who wants to become the proprietor of "half an Idea?"

THE VETO GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA.—The Camden (Ala.) Republic tells the following, in explanation of which it may be remarked that the late Governor of that State was somewhat inclined to vetoes:

On the morning of the inauguration, an honest, but illiterate farmer, was going into the city of Montgomery on horseback, when he was overtaken by a resident of Macon county, a lawyer, with whom he fell into conversation, in the course of which the following colloquy ensued:

Farmer.—What are you bound, stranger?

Lawyer.—I am going to Montgomery in order to be present at the inauguration of the new Governor, which takes place to-day.

F.—The new Governor; who's he?

L.—Why, don't you know that Gov. Winston's time has expired, and we are about to install Andrew B. Moore, of Perry, in his place?

F.—What? Put in Moore in place of Winston?

L.—Yes, Mr. Moore has been regularly elected to fill that position.

F.—Well, stranger, you may as well go back again—Winston'll veto that thing, sure as you are born!

A PRETTY GOOD ANSWER.—A little five-year-old friend of ours was the other day puzzled, as many an older head has been, in trying to form an idea of the spirit as distinct from the body. We endeavored to explain.

"You said you loved me just now!"

"Oh, yes—best!"

"What do you love with? your forehead?"

"No."

"Your hand? your foot? your cheek? your eyes?"

"No—no—" and the inspiring hand fluttered from one member to another as they were mentioned, pausing at last over the heart, with a triumphant, "Oh, I know now what I love with—it's—it's—the piece that joggles!"—*Portland Transcript*.

HOUSES IN MANILLA.—I shall describe a little christening-party I was at some nights ago. We went at about nine P. M., found the room full of mestizas in bright-colored sashes. The decorations were capital. As I told you before, everybody lives up stairs; and the houses are only one story high, on account of earthquakes. Every house of pretensions has the lower part built of stone, with a large porte cochere. This lower part is the cooeh-house, as every one keeps a carriage here. You then mount a flight of stairs, at the top of which you find yourself in the drawing-room, visible and open as a landing in England. If belonging to an Englishman or an American there will be a punkah, the natives dispensing with them. The next room will be the sala, looking into the street. There are oyster-shell windows to shut during the day, and jalousies for the night, or vice versa; but in the evening everything is open. There are bedrooms at the back of the house. You don't get into bed here, but lie on mats, which are put on to the bedstead—four-posted always, to fix a mosquito-curtain. The kitchen arrangements are very French, but wood is used instead of charcoal. The boys cook admirably. The floors are of beautiful wood, well cleaned, and shining, as in Paris. The wooden, or upper part of the house, projects about two feet all round beyond the stone or lower part; above is the tiled roof, projecting and extensive, to keep off the sun.

HANDEL'S RAPIDITY OF COMPOSITION.—The motion of Handel's pen, active as it was, could not keep up with the rapidity of his conception. His MSS. were written with such impetuosity that they are difficult to read. The mechanical power of the hand was not sufficient for the torrent of ideas which flowed from that volcanic brain. Mr. V. Novello, the learned publisher, who seems to have well studied the MSS. at the Fitzwilliam Museum, seeing a page on which the said Handel was writing, and as he was writing, he observed the speed with which Handel wrote. The whole of this page is spotted with sand, and consequently must have all been wet at the same time.

SNAKE-CHARMING.—In Kitchin's "Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature," it is asserted that the magicians of Egypt employed this art in converting their rods into serpents, as narrated in Exodus, vii., 12—"We may infer that they used a real serpent as a rod—namely, the species now called *asp*—for their imposture; since they no doubt did what the present serpent-charmers perform with the same species, by means of the temporary *exorcism*, or suspension of vitality, before noticed, and producing restoration to active life by liberating or throwing down."—*Notes and Queries*.

Useful Receipts.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—A man was cured of hydrophobia in Italy lately, by swallowing vinegar, in mistake for a medicinal potion. A physician at Padua heard of this, and tried the remedy on a patient; he gave him a pint of vinegar in the morning, another at noon, and a third at sunset, which cured him.—*Scientific American*.

SIMPLE DISINFECTANT.—Put two or three good sized onions in halves, and place them on a plate on the floor; they absorb noxious effluvia, &c., in the sick room in an incredibly short space of time, and are greatly to be preferred to perfumery for the same purpose. They should be changed every six hours.—*The Builder*.

TO MAKE PUMPKIN PIES.—Take a good ripe pumpkin, pare and cut into good sized pieces, then grate it, and put into the milk, the same as in the ordinary way; put in your eggs, allowing one to a pie, one tablespoon of ginger, one of cinnamon or allspice, according to your taste, and you will have a delicious pie.

CALVES' FOOT JELLY.—Four feet, one gallon of water boiled to one-half dry, and stewed all night; add the juice of four lemons and the rind of one cut very thin; the whites of nine eggs and shells well beaten together; one-half pound lump sugar; a pint and a half of sherry; one-fourth of a pint of brandy.

VALUABLE LINIMENT.—As for liniments, the best I know of for horses or human beings, for sprains, swellings, (slight, consequent on blows, &c.), in horses, and sore throats and rheumatism in horse-masters, is as follows:—Equal parts of hartshorn (aqua ammonia) oil, origanum, olive oil, gum camphor, laudanum and spirits turpentine—all best quality—to which add three parts good soft soap. I have used this for several years.—*Country Gentleman*.

SALT A UNIVERSAL REMEDY.—I had just finished reading Prof. Johnson's remarks on Mr. Cleveland's theory of salt as a "universal expander," and a "universal remedy," when over went my ink-stand upon a beautiful light drab table cover, to my great consternation, as my wife had often cautioned me against this very thing. I rushed for the salt cellar, and emptied its contents over the black mass of ink, and in five minutes the stain had wholly disappeared! I doubted Mr. Cleveland's theory before, but ought I to doubt it any longer?

There is one point, however, in which my experience differs from Mr. Cleveland's theory—I emptied the salt over and upon the ink, and it descended into the cloth and effected the desired object.

One thing is certain, whether salt be a universal remedy or not, viz: it will surely, if applied immediately, prevent ink stains.—*Country Gentleman*.

HOW TO MAKE AN ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—The following receipt for making this renowned pudding, without which no English set dinner would be complete, will be found to be all that a first rate pudding demands:

Take half a pound of flour, a pound of stale bread-crumbs, a pound of beef-steak chopped fine, a pound of currants, well picked, washed and dried, a pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, three-quarters of a pound of soft sugar, a quarter of a pound of candied orange peel, an ounce of powdered cinnamon, half an ounce of ground ginger, a nutmeg (grated), twelve bitter almonds (blanched and grated), and a little salt; mix these well together; then beat up seven eggs, strain them through a sieve, and add a little sweet milk, if required. Stir this well into the other ingredients; make it thick, but not too stiff. Just before you are going to boil it, stir into it a glass of rum or brandy, scald a cloth, flour it and lay it in a basin; pour in your pudding; then have ready another cloth, also scalded and floured, which lay over the top, tie it round tightly, and put it in boiling water, of which there should be abundance, as well as plenty of room. Keep it boiling for six or seven hours. When it is done, take it out of the pot, let it stand a few minutes to cool, or dip it into cold water. Then turn it into a dish, and serve it with custard sauce. A plain pudding may be made by using less fruit and spices.

SECRETION OF TEARS IN INFANTS.—It is a curious fact, which is yet unexplained, that very young infants never shed tears when they cry. When once this secretion is established, it may cease during a course of disease; and children then cry without shedding any tears. Tronseau regards this circumstance, when it occurs, as one of bad omen.

Agricultural.

POTATO ROT, CAUSE AND REMEDY.

Speculations respecting the cause and preventive of potato rot, still prevail. We have recently received a letter from Joseph S. Barber, M. D., of Annisquam, Mass., in which the Dr. recalls to our mind his suggestions made to us some years ago in regard to the cause of potato rot, and his proposed mode of preventing it.

In 1851 he stated to us in a letter that he had discovered the disease called potato rot to be "mildew" of the plant, and recommended that the potatoes should be planted very early or very late, in order that they might either get ripe before the season arrived when they would be liable to be attacked with the disease, or if planted late, would not be sufficiently developed at that season to be susceptible of its influence, as it required a co-operation of circumstances of time and growth.

Last week, he writes us that from successive years of experience he has proved his theory to be correct. By planting in April so as to have the potatoes ripe in July, or by the tenth of August, they will escape the rot. If you cannot plant then, omit it until the 15th of July, so as to ripen late.

The Dr. says that he has tried his method for thirteen years, and it has never yet failed. From his experience he is able to demonstrate that the potato must be in a certain stage of growth for the virus to have its full effect on the tuber—that if struck and killed while two-thirds grown, they will not rot. The Dr. ought to submit his theory and results of his experiments to the Massachusetts Board that have the disposal of \$10,000 premium, offered by the Legislature of that State to the man who shall discover the cause and preventive of this insidious disease. If he is right, he will have a strong claim to the bounty.—*Maine Farmer*.

PLANTING A WALNUT GROVE.—As near as I can recollect, about twelve years ago I planted a row of these nuts south of my house, on the edge of the ploughed land. I planted in the fall soon after the nuts fell, four feet apart, with a hoe, about two inches deep, as we used to plant corn down east. The next spring they came up with the other plants. I kept the stock from them for four or five years. The most of them grew rapidly; but they were too thick, and some are now dwarf trees, four to six feet high, while those that got the start went right up, and in six or seven years from the planting they bore walnuts, and they continue to bear and grow so that this fall I had several bushels of nuts, and have planted a piece of two acres west of my house with them. These I put ten or twelve feet apart. I think it would be better to plough your land as deep as you can before planting. I think it will make little difference whether you plant this winter or as soon as the ground opens in the spring. Keep the weeds down and the stock from them, and there is no danger but you will have a grove far more beautiful than the locust; besides, the advantage of timber and the nuts.—*Cor. of Prairie Farmer*.

Another correspondent of the same paper, says he planted five acres of walnuts in 1843, and that a large portion of the trees are now standing, and are from 20 to 35 feet in height, and 8 to 10 inches in diameter.

SETTING FENCE POSTS.—We hear frequent complaints of the perishableness of fence posts set in the ordinary way. And to the suggestion that the lower end of the posts should be charred, it is replied that while charring benefits the outside of the timber, it cracks it open so that water penetrates the wood still further, and causes a rapid decay in the interior.

Let us, then, make another suggestion. Char the lower end of the post for eighteen inches or two feet, so that about six inches of the charred part will be above the surface of the ground. Have in readiness a kettle of hot coal tar, (a cheap article,) and plunge into it the lower end of each post; or apply the tar with a brush, taking pains to get it into the crevices. A second application is desirable, as soon as the first becomes dry, and will make the timber water-proof for many years.—*American Agriculturist*.

TICKS ON SHEEP.—If sheep are fed grain or oil cake meal, as they ought to be, I will warrant them free from ticks. It will be far more profitable than sulphur. I have some hundreds feeding; let any man come here at the end of March, and see if he can find two ticks to a hundred sheep. I guess he won't, unless I have one that may have been sick—possibly it might have come. But some will say, we cannot keep stock sheep like men who fat sheep for market—but let me tell those farmers that they should keep their stock sheep in such condition that they won't breed ticks. Sheep pay badly that raise ticks. Sheep farmers, will you take notice of that?—*Country Gentleman*.

"OLD MAN ELOQUENT."—The title "Old Man Eloquent" belongs by right of priority to Isocrates, who was so affected by the news of Philip's victory over the Athenians at Chereone, that he immediately expired. The patent was bestowed by John Milton in a sonnet to Lady Margaret Ley:

"Daughter to that good Earl, once President Of England's council and her treasury, Who lived in both unstained with gold or fee, And left them both, more in himself content, Till the sad breaking of that Parliament Broke him, as that disastrous victory At Chereone, had to liberty Killed with report that old sage eloquent."

CASTLE IN INDIA EXEMPLIFIED.—I was much amused at a story Mrs. C. related to me of one of her uncles, a civilian, who was extremely particular about high caste servants, and who treated them magnificently, dressed them in English broadcloth, &c. This pearl of masters once gave a dinner, and the dinner being delayed long after the guests were assembled, proceeded at once to the kitchen to discover the reason. There he found his servants all standing in a row, each man proving his orthodoxy by solemnly spitting on a fine ham which was about to be served up to the company.—*Mackenzie's Six Years in India*.

THOSE RAGS WE CAST ASIDE.—In old days, Memory gathers, hoarding them In silent chambers where, as Alchemists, Secret she works. One day she opens the door And the old rags are gold.

Blankets were first made at Bristol, England, by a poor weaver named Thomas Blanket, who gave his name to the peculiar manufacture of woollen cloths.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 30 letters.
My 23, 24, 25, 26, were a German tribe of an early day which filled Europe with their fame.
My 10, 12, 17, 11, 30, is a post-office in New Hampshire.
My 6, 27, 3, 24, 1, is a city in Egypt.
My 7, 28, 12, 5, 6, 14, 9, 1, 29, 20, 7, is a village in Centre county, Pa.
My 21, 8, 29, 14, is a city in Russia.
My 2, 5, 13, 25, 27, is an island in America.
My 16, 30, 22, 30, is a county in Missouri.
My 15, 8, 9, 12, is a certain number.
My 19, 5, 29, 6, are what you see every day walking in the most prominent streets in Philadelphia.
My 28, 30, 18, 2, 30, 4, is a post-office in Massachusetts.
My 25, 12, 23, 4, 6, you will find every week published in one of the columns of The Saturday Evening Post.
My whole were two distinguished American Revolutionary Patriots. J. O. STONE.
Pleasant Gap, Centre Co., Pa.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 27 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 12, 17, is one of the staples of the United States.
My 11, 12, 4, is a liquor.
My 1, 6, 15, 16, 3, 6, is a man's name.
My 5, 25, 7, 24, 8, are the sweets of life.
My 9, 10, 5, 11, 35, 6, is a girl's name.
My 14, 22, 16, 19, 8, 20, is a cant phrase for drunkenness.
My 21, 18, 1, 6, is a place of confinement.
My 23, 18, 16, 4, is used on every farm.
My 24, 18, 11, 12, 13, 25, 3, 19, is a name given to a former President.
My 26, 18, 15, 11, 15, is a musical expression.
My whole is an article that no farmer or planter should be without.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 15, 13, 8, is a county in Virginia.
My 2, 5, 5, is a river in Ireland.
My 3, 9, 13, is a town in China.
My 4, 12, 7, 1, is a county in Indiana.
My 5, 2, 9, 2, 11, is a county in Texas.
My 6, 8, 12, 5, is a city in Europe.
My 7, 1, 9, 10, is a coast on Upper Guinea.
My 8, 15, 3, 1, is a river in the Western States.
My 9, 5, 15, 13, 7, 15, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 10, 5, 9, 15, 3, is a city in India.
My 11, 5, 13, 7, 8, is a county in Ireland.
My 12, 4, 13, 7, 11, is a county in Tennessee.
My 13, 6, 5, 8, 9, is a county in North Carolina.
My 14, 18, 10, 10, is a county in Kentucky.
My 15, 8, 9, 12, 5, 11, is a county in Ohio.
My whole was a celebrated Irish poet.
Cape Island, N. J. JOHN H. McKENNA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Loud blows the blast, the windows all
Within their casements rattle;
And all the elements without
Seem fierce engaged in battle.
Cold is my first, as cold can be,
Or in winter reigns o'er all;
Driving mankind within their homes,
My second to the stall.
Within a stately mansion fair,
Where many lights are shining,
Is something fair, I tell thee where,
Upon a couch reclining.
She had been sleeping, but my whole
Disturbed her quiet rest;
So, reader, I will not tell more,
But leave it to be guessed. CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
My first's a covering for hose,
'Tis often seen upon a tree;
My second is well-known to those,
Who playing cards delight to be.
My whole's composed of iron or wood—
'Tis generally understood. GAIHEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
My first in early spring-time
Puts forth its luscious flower;
My second is what all things have,
And increases every hour.
My third is used by fishermen,
And sometimes with much gain;
My whole was a line of Kings
That o'er England did reign. L. A. M.

ANAGRAMS ON NAMES OF CELEBRATED WRITERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Dick Tom. Romeo.
Tom Lin. B. Russ.
She man. Is U Grey. No.
Rat Hackey. Same J.
W. S. K.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
The top and bottom of a hollow pyramidal frustrum are both squares; the depth is a mean proportional between the top and bottom, it is full of water and if it be turned over till the surface of the water just touches the upper edge of the bottom, 153-481 of the water will be poured out; and its slant height is 25 inches. Required—the depth of the frustrum, and the size of both ends. ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
[?] Why is an echo like a certain body of water?
Ans.—Because it is a sound.
[?] What portion of wood resembles a certain kind of rope? Ans.—A cord.
[?] What business does every young man under twenty years of age follow? Ans.—They are all minors, (minors). Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.
GEOMETRICAL ENIGMA.—Multiply the sum of the two parallel sides by the perpendicular distance between them, and half the product will be the area.
MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The war in India.
GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The Falls of Niagara.
CHARADE.—Wallace (Wallace). RIDDLE.—Merry. RIDDLE.—Flames. ANAGRAMS.—Bernanda, Magrora, Portagas, Iceland, Ireland, New-tucket, Hebrides, Jamaica, Wargach, Minora. GEO-METRICAL PROBLEM.—4.994 rods.

DISAGREEABLE TRUTHS.—Don't flatter yourselves that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable truths to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them. Good-breeding never forgets that *amour-propre* is universal. When you read the story of the Archbishop and Gill Blas, you may laugh, if you will, at the poor old man's delusion; but don't forget that the youth was the greater fool of the two, and that his master served such a booby rightly in turning him out of doors.—*Holmes, in Atlantic Monthly*.

A fine impression of our real characters. "No one is more conscious of that than I time," said Jesus, imploringly. "Lords," he said, "it is

return of true bills, the District Attorney receives \$300, the Clerk, \$300, and the Sheriff, over \$400—making a total cost to the county, for the conviction of the offender, \$220, or ten or twenty times more than the

that is instructive and amusing to all who read this money panic stricken year. We need some relief, and I think the Post as good relief as can be found.